

# The Streetz R Deathrow"

Growing up as an inner city brotha  
Where every other had a pops and a motha  
I was the product of a heated lover.  
Nobody knew how deep it screwed me  
And since my pops never knew me  
My family didn't know what to do with me.  
Was I somebody they despised?  
Curious look in they eyes  
As if they wonder if I'm dead or alive  
And poor momma can't control me  
"Quit tryin' to save my soul, I wanna roll with my homies!"  
A ticken timebomb, can't nobody fade me  
Packin' a 380 and fiendin' for Mercedes  
Suckers scatter but it don't matter I'm a cool shot  
Punks drop from all the buckshots the fools got  
I'm tired of being a nice guy  
I've been poor all my life, but don't know quite why  
So they label me a lunatic  
Could care less death or success  
Is what I quest 'cause I'm fearless  
Now the streets are deathrow

I just murdered a man, I'm even more stressed wearin' a vest  
Hopin' that they're aimin' at my chest  
Much too young to bite the bullet  
Hand on the trigga  
I see my life before my eyes each time I pull it  
I hope I live to be a man  
Must be part of some big plan to keep a brotha in the state pen  
Counting pennys over the years I'd done stacked many  
Proving wrong those  
Who swore I'd wouldn't live till twenty  
Now they gotta cope  
Since it's the only thing I know  
It's difficult to let it go  
I'm startin' to lose my hair 'cause I worry  
Hustlin' to keep from gettin' buried  
But now I gotta move away now  
'Cause these suckers love ta' spray where I lay down  
My homie lost his family, he snapped;  
Shot up half the block to bring them back  
The streets are deathrow

I'm dangerous when drunk I only drink beer  
Gin makes me sin  
Unable to think clear  
Henessey makes me think my enemy is getting close  
BOOM BOOM BOOM  
Got me shooting at a ghost  
Some call me crazy but this is what you gave me  
Amongst the babies who raised up from the slavery  
I sport a vest and hit the sess to kill the stress  
Moved out west and I invest in all the best  
Those who test will find a bullet in they chest  
Put to rest by a brotha who was hopeless  
Grow up broke on the rope of insanity  
How many pistols smoking coming from a broken family  
I'm sick of being tired  
Sick of the sirens, body bags, and the gun firing  
Tell Bush, "Push the button!" 'cause I'm fed  
Tired of hearin' these voices in my head  
The streets are deathrow

('cause I'll beat you down like it ain't nothin')  
The streets are deathrow.  
[ x]  
This goes out to my partners in the Live Squad  
(like it ain't nothin')  
And all my partners involved in that  
Watch your back

('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')  
There got to be a better way  
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')  
There's too many of us in the cemetery  
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')  
Come on, what we gonna do now  
('cause I'll beat you down, like it ain't nothin')  
The streets are deathrow

